

RURAL REPOSITORY.

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No. 2.

" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

SOPHIA,

Or the Girl of the Pine Woods.

CHAPTER IV.

We shall now return, for a few moments to the cottage. In the thunder storm which we have mentioned, the cottage of Mrs. Thompson was struck by lightning, and in a moment was in a blaze, and the son of Mrs. Thompson was struck and knocked down for dead, a few steps from the door without, as he was listening to the reports of the muskets in the woods. The mother and daughter rushed shrieking from the house and the first object which arrested their attention, was the son and the brother lying lifeless on the ground. In this sight they lost all thoughts of trying to extinguish the flames, and the cottage was consumed with all its contents—no great loss, to be sure, but in their situation a most afflicting one. No tongue nor pen can describe the heart rending agonies of the mother and the daughter—the night was dark—the rain poured down in torrents—the house was demolished—they had no other shelter—they were two miles from the village, or any other habitation that would afford them any shelter, and the boy was still lifeless, though not stiff and cold.

In this dreadful dilemma, they concluded to fly for the village, and carry the dead body with them. But they had not proceeded far before their strength was exhausted, and they were obliged to stop. Resting awhile, they took him up again, and after going a few rods were again compelled to halt. In this situation, what was to be done? The boy appeared to be warm, and might possibly be recovered, with medical aid. Finally it was concluded that one or the other of them should stay, and the other should go to the village. Sophia went and left the mother. She arrived at the village, and went to the house of a benevolent physician, awoke him from his sleep, and in a few pathetic words informed him of their dreadful calamities. He called his servants, had his horses immediately harnessed to a covered wagon, took a lantern, a servant, and Sophia into the carriage, not forgetting his medical apparatus, and made all speed to the scene of distress. He found the boy with some faint symptoms of life, and by the application of the lancet, and other means, he soon

began to breathe. By day break, they got him to the village, and they were landed at the inn where the stranger was detained as a robber.

Here we shall leave them for a short time and pay our respects to the unfortunate husband and parent of this unfortunate and afflicted family.

Mr. Thompson was one of those hapless beings, who possess a noble, generous and a feeling heart—a keen sensibility, and of course, warm attachments and strong antipathies—his natural genius was by no means contemptible, and although he had received what might be called a liberal education, yet he had not studied any of the learned professions, and had not in his youth been accustomed to any regular business. He had, however, served as clerk in a respectable counting house for a few months and having some capital, though small, and being in good credit, he embarked in the mercantile business, married an amiable and accomplished wife, the daughter of a broken down gentleman, and for a number of years, acquired property, and what is more valuable, acquired the reputation of an honest, intelligent and humane citizen. But meeting with some losses by fire, and having endorsed largely for his friends, fortune began to look sour at him. His friends became insolvent—he was called upon, and finally had to stop payment. His creditors thronged around him like "ravenous wolves." Miserably calculated to sustain the shocks of adversity, he was driven almost to the vortex of desperation; and to heighten his calamities, the yellow fever entered his dwelling, and tore from his fond and frantic bosom, three of his beloved offspring, two sons and a daughter.

He, however, after a long and painful struggle, succeeded in effecting what was deemed an honorable compromise with his creditors, to whom he had given his name as security for his friends, and his other creditors accepted of what he could spare without distressing his family, and agreed to wait with him for the residue of their debts, until he could retrieve his losses in some measure and conveniently pay them their demands.

For this purpose they advised him to remove into some new flourishing village in the country, and furnished him with a handsome assortment of goods. He did pretty well for two years, when unluckily purchasing a large amount of produce, which took a sudden fall, he again became involved, and meeting about the same time, with other severe losses, he had to "give up the ship."

Tivingham the lawyer, happened to be in New-York, when the news first arrived, and in order to get into business, represented Mr. Thompson as a knave who had purposely stopped payment to defraud his creditors. A number of his creditors sent their demands to him to be prosecuted, and amongst the rest a Mr. Jackson, to whom Mr. Thompson owed more than all the others. On hearing the statement however, of Mr. Thompson, which was well authenticated, they had ordered Tivingham to withdraw his suit; but before this reached him, so he said, he had taken judgment bonds of Thompson—entered them up, and had swept all his property from him, to the last cent, and confined his body in jail.

He had been confined for some months—had been sick, but was now on the recovery; but still with hopes of release. His situation and that of his family was most deplorable, and he might very properly have uttered something like the following:

Dark is this world; my sun gone down,
No star of hope for me to rise!
The face of all things wears a frown,
Or on the earth or on the skies!

Go on, unpitying world, go on—
Pour all thy vengeance on my head,
And when the cup's last dregs are gone,
I then shall have no more to dread.

Long have I toiled to live—in vain—
For life is naught, devoid of rest—
Long struggled with the fiends of pain
To tear them from my tortured breast.

But like an arrow barbed and keen,
Their fangs work deeper in my heart
At every effort, every mean,
The wound still feels augmented smart.

Why was I made; or why thus born
The sport of every wayward gale!
Launched on an ocean dark, forlorn;
A leaky, shattered crazy sail—

Without a compass or a guide;
Without a rudder in a storm;
Without an anchor—where to ride—
And chased by death in every storm,

No home; no haven where to steer:
No chart, a sea without a shore;
No life, buoy, light, or beacon near;
No friends to weep when I'm no more!

Thus sang the song of sorrow; when
A voice from heaven came whispering low;
Place all thy hope on ME—and then
See earth and heaven with brightness glow.

I am the Sun of Righteousness,
That chases every cloud away;
The gloomy horrors of distress
Are changed to sparkling beams of day.

Look up to ME—forsake the bark,
And fearless tread the stormy wave;
No longer grope in scenes so dark,
For I alone have power to save.

The minister of the parish a truly pious, and benevolent man, had that afternoon been to visit him, and poured into his wounded soul the consolations of religious faith.

He attended him through all his sickness

and troubles; but Mr. Thompson had never been so susceptible of pious resignation as he had been on that day. His foes—for let any man fall into trouble and he will always find enough ready and willing to believe the worst of him—had succeeded so far against Mr. Thompson, as to deprive him of the privilege of the jail yard, and to see him locked in close prison; but the humanity of the jailor let him out on parole, and during his illness he had been very kindly treated by him in his own apartments. News was brought Mr. Thompson immediately on his family landing at the inn, as before mentioned, of the horrible disasters which had happened, and he felt in agony unutterable until he saw them all yet alive, which was not long, for the boy had almost entirely recovered, and they soon sought and found the afflicted parent. The last stroke of their miseries appeared now to be struck—yet they could not but rejoice and thank heaven that their lives were spared. They were informed too, that Tivingham had taken a robber, and Sophia had a glance at him and knew it to be the stranger. All were extremely anxious to hear the result. We must therefore return in the inn where we left the whole group.

CHAPTER V.

It has been mentioned, that in the attack on the stranger in the pine woods, by two men, he shot one of them down; but his fall was more the effect of sudden affright than of severe injury, for he received only a slight wound in the flesh, the ball just grazing the side of his head. These were the two men first mentioned at the cottage. At the time the other two men fired at the stranger, he was in the act of wheeling his horse round in order to find out the state of his two first assailants, and this gave them all an advantage over him; otherwise he might have escaped.

The alarm soon spread through the village that a bold dashing highway robber was caught and to be examined for commitment, which brought high and low to the inn, as the fog cleared away, and the morning sun began to show his dazzling countenance above the tops of the surrounding pines. Hearing the bustle, and learning the cause, the man before mentioned who came in company with the stranger to the village, had decamped in haste, and this strengthened the suspicion against the prisoner; but the fact was, he had only fell in company with him on the road, and did not know who he was; of course he was much alarmed at what had taken place, and like a prudent man made off with himself, lest he might be taken for an accomplice.

And now began the scene of examination. Two justices were called in; one with "spectacles on his nose"—looked amazing wise—and the other with a huge volume of law under each arm, looked "more wise, more learned, more every thing." Two young lawyers

volunteered their services in behalf of the people, besides Tivingham. The two justices took their seats behind a large table, and the prisoner was brought forward. The men of law were bountifully supplied with pen, ink and paper, to take minutes. But the presence of the stranger, so different from what they had anticipated, struck them almost speechless. His genteel and manly deportment; his open, frank and innocent countenance—in which there appeared not the least symptoms of guilt and dismay; his unembarrassed and easy affable manners; his unconcerned and tranquil airs excepting when he cast from his keen dark eye the look of contempt at Tivingham—all bespoke the consciousness of innocence; and when he asked for what purpose he was called, and whether there had been any process against him upon complaint under oath they were all quite confounded.

A lawyer of the village of high and honorable standing offered to assist him unasked. After consulting him a few moments, and being well convinced that he was perfectly innocent he advised him to submit to any examination they wished—and the first question was, that he should tell who he was and whence he came? He simply answered that as he was a total stranger in the place, and if he was a rogue, he might assume any name or place of residence, he could, perhaps, produce more satisfactory proof than his own declaration who and what he was—and taking out his pocket book, gave it unopened to the justice. Tivingham was on the sharp look out, but how was he thunderstruck on discovering the name of FRANCIS S. JACKSON as the proprietor! and not only that, but abundant evidences and vouchers, shewing that he was the only son, and only surviving heir at law, of William Jackson, of New-York, lately deceased.

Tivingham begged to speak with him aside. But no—he had been dragged there as a prisoner and felon, and he should now see who the fellows were. He had been assaulted in the night on the highway and demanded that those who had done it might be immediately secured. All was confusion. He was willing, nay, demanded that his examination should go on—if not, that he might be heard on his oath.

The men who brought him there began to think of making off, but the court ordered the constables to take them all into safe keeping until farther orders:—They then plead for mercy—stated that they were ignorantly bro't into the affair, and actually believed at the time, that the stranger was a highwayman, and that it was their absolute duty to aid in his apprehension, and that they should have thought they were doing "God's service," in putting an end to his career, if in no other way, by taking his life.

At this moment Judge M—, owner of the red mills the first judicial officer in the county, a very wealthy and highly respectable gen-

tleman, who had, until a few years past resided in the city of New-York, rode up to the door, and inquired if a gentleman was there by the name of Jackson? Being answered in the affirmative, he dismounted and walked in.

On learning what had been transacted he was greatly astonished, and stated to the bystanders, that he had known Col. Jackson from a child—that his father was one of the most respectable merchants in New-York, immensely rich, and that his only son whom they had treated as a robber, was one of the best men he ever knew; and his father being dead, and mother also, he was now sole heir of all his property, which amounted to not less than half a million of dollars; and that he had the day before paid him two thousand dollars on a debt due his father's estate for the property which he possessed, being purchased of him while living. He wanted to know what Col. Jackson had done, and what reason they had for suspecting him as a villain.

Mr. Jackson related the whole rise and progress of the affair, with every particular, not forgetting to give Tivingham his true character, and the unspeakable distresses which his avarice and his hopes of obtaining Sophia, had brought upon Mr. Thompson and his family. At the same juncture, in came the wife and daughter, leading between them the feeble and emaciated husband and father.

Mr. Jackson flew to his embrace, and the unfortunate man was quite overcome with joy. Tears and the faltering accents of gratitude, attested his feelings. He had to sit down for he could not stand—and the wife, the daughter and the son, were overpowered by the gush of sympathy, as they heard Mr. Jackson tell Mr. Thompson that he was free from all his embarrassments, and that provision would be immediately made to restore them to their former standing—handing Mr. T. at the same time, a handful of bank notes for his present necessities.

Mr. Jackson had seen the sheriff, and ordered him discharged; and his feelings were more intense than ever, when he found out that the little hut in the pine woods had been consumed the night before, and what keen distress had followed in consequence.

If there is any heaven on earth, it is that which a benevolent man enjoys, when in the godlike act of relieving the distresses of his fellow beings, and when surrounded by the objects of his relief. A tranquil joy, a holy rapture, comes over the soul, and the "still small voice of peace," whispers to his conscience "well done good and faithful servant."

This serene paradise Mr. Jackson was now enjoying, heightened by the additional anticipation of seeing them all more happy yet. Sophia appeared to him more interesting than ever.

"For beauty's tears are lovelier than her smiles"—and her's were the effusions of gratitude and

jo. He sat, not staring but now and then casting a mild look of contemplative regard on the object of his solicitude.

Sophia was one of those ideal beauties that could break all hearts at a glance—but she was of nature's finest models in a female form. She had

"An eye as when the blue sky trembles through

"A cloud of purest white,"

and a certain expression of countenance that bespoke the tenderness, the delicacy and the purity of the soul within.

—“Her shape was harmony—

“But eloquence beneath her beauty fails”

All was silent. Mrs. Thompson, however arose, and ventured to take Mr. Jackson by the hand. She recognized the boy that had been frequently at her house in New-York, but she had not seen him since a man, until she saw him at the cottage in the Pine Woods. She knew his father and his mother, both now in a better world. They had kneeled together round the altar, in the holy communion.

The scene was pathetic, and drew forth the tears of all present, except Tivingham, who attempted to excuse his villainy, but was cut short by Mr. Jackson, who bade him instantly to be gone, a disgrace to the honorable profession of the law, and let his conscience be his only tormentor. Then turning to his coadjutors, “I forgive you,” said he, “on account of your ignorance, and you may all go about your business.”

CHAPTER VI.

Every person present highly applauded the magnanimous conduct of Col. Jackson, and Tivingham sneaked off to enjoy the rewards of a base villain—the contempt of society. Mr. Jackson, however, tendered him his legal fees for what business he had done for his father, and he was mean enough to accept it. “There are too many such fellows,” said Mr. Jackson, “who fatten on the spoils of honest misfortune, and who bring into disrepute one of the most laudable callings in the world, by their money making schemes, in taking advantage of the ignorant, the weak and the unsuspecting—prostituting their legal requirements to sordid purposes of speculation. A lawyer ought to be a gentleman in every sense of the word, and despise the low arts of a mere pettifogger, however lucrative such practice may prove for the moment. But Tivingham is, I confess, on the whole, somewhat excusable, of an attachment for what he could not otherwise obtain, produced his motive in oppressing the father of Sophia. Love is desperate they say.”

As he pronounced this sentence he cast a look at Sophia. She blushed and replied—“It must be a strange kind of love that would prompt a man to make his object completely wretched, in order to gain her favor.” “True,” said he and the subject ended.

“I shall not leave the village,” said Mr.

Jackson, “until I see you provided with a genteel home, and every thing else necessary to make you happy.”

The fact was, the father of Mr. Jackson had once been saved from ruin, by the hand of this same Mr. Thompson, who had served in his counting house as a clerk, for a few months, and this was well known to his son. And although the old gentleman had been made so far doubtful of Mr. Thompson's upright conduct, through the false reports that Tivingham had raised, as to order him to be prosecuted, yet being gladly undeceived, he had, as before stated, ordered the suit to be discharged and intended to forgive the debt. The son was still more noble than his father; he meant not only to cancel that demand, but to pay all his other ones—and not only so—he meant to reward his former good offices, by placing him in a situation above want and anxiety.

We shall not say that there was another motive which operated on Mr. Jackson—the welfare of Sophia. But the heart of that gentleman was not ensnared by any previous engagement. He had never seen one before the “*Girl of the Pine Woods*,” as he always called her in future, that had so much interested his thoughts, if not his affections. Why, he could not tell—but he felt something about his heart which created uneasiness at the idea of parting. He stayed, and kept staying, from day to day for several weeks, and the longer he remained in the society of the family and the fair one, the more painful were the thro'ts of separation.

At length he suggested the plan of Mr. Thompson removing to New-York with his family, and offered to advance him a capital of ten thousand dollars to commence his former business, if he so wished, besides paying all his debts, his expenses in removing and a present of a thousand dollars for old acquaintance sake!

Mr. Thompson and the whole family were overwhelmed with a sense of gratitude for his generous proposals and one month was appointed for the time when Mr. Thompson and his family were to be in New-York.

The next day Mr. Jackson was to depart, and he spent the evening in a walk with Sophia when he frankly disclosed the secret of love; and it is scarcely necessary to say that the timid maid evinced no symptom of contrary passion. It was, however, agreed to suspend the union of hearts by the rites of marriage until at least a twelve month.

He left the place the next morning, leaving with Mr. Thompson the thousand dollars.

Mr. Thompson and his family remained in quarters, at the inn, not thinking it worth while to purchase furniture and hire a house for so short a stay.

Some of the young ladies of the village who had treated Sophia during her disastrous hours with coldness and scorn, now began to call on

her with excuses and congratulations. But she had learned to appreciate such friendship, and had the firmness to tell them so. Perhaps it was imprudent; but she could not dissemble. She "could not carry smiles and sunshines in her face," when a sense of the insults she had received from them "sat heavy on her heart."

The consequence was, a united determination among them to defeat the hopes of Sophia, by destroying the confidence of Mr. Jackson in her virtue.

The plans which they concerted for this purpose, will be disclosed in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

EMILY HAMMOND.

A TALE.

(Concluded.)

Four days I continued with my friend. At the end of this period, he was able to walk to his chamber; and my impatience to see my poor girl at Boston, led me again to that town. Everard was at leisure, and requested leave to accompany me. We reached the city about eleven in the morning. At a coffee-house Everard found some friends, with whom he wished a few minute's conversation, and promised to join me at Mrs. Townsend's within an hour. That worthy woman saw me from a window, as I approached her house, and met me at the door. She was in tears. "Thou hast come," said she, "to hear a sad tale indeed! thy poor girl is sick—sick unto death!" Seeing me speechless with surprise, she proceeded: "On the afternoon of the day when thou left us, she complained of a violent headache. I prepared tea at an early hour—she swallowed a single cupful, and begged to go immediately to bed. With much difficulty I prevailed upon her to leave her babe with my woman; and having led her to her chamber, and assisted her to undress, I sent for a physician. He came early in the evening. After spending an hour above stairs, we came below; and he then, with much earnestness, asked me, "Has not this lady a young infant?" I saw the necessity of his inquiry, and instantly stated the truth. He asked to see the babe; and examining it with attention a few moments, said, "from Philadelphia, last week! Exposure to cold and fatigue, so soon after her confinement, leaves her but faint hopes of life." He bled her before his departure, and I sat up with her the greater part of the night—The next morning she was much worse; and before night, a raging delirium, which seized her, put a period to our hopes of her recovery. She talks much of thee—and thy return may perhaps assist to calm her mind, and prevent her leaving the world in a state of distraction. When her senses were first disordered, she insisted on having her infant returned to her; but as we feared the babe might be injured by this, we gave her to understand that thou hadst

it under thy protection. This seemed perfectly to satisfy her. "He will not let it die!" she said with a kind of triumphant emphasis: "will he?—He saved me, you know—Will he abandon my little one?—He protected me, you know—How kind he spoke!—He is an old man too!—He let my poor babe die!—No, no, no!"

As Mrs. Townsend concluded, the physician entered the door, and we all went up stairs together. The poor sufferer instantly knew me, and stretching out her arms towards me, wildly cried, "bless you! bless you!—you will not let my poor child die—will you?" "No," I replied, "it shall be mine while I have life to protect it."—"See now!" she said, "I told them so! But may I not see it?" The physician, a humane and skilful man, whispered Mrs. Townsend, and she immediately brought the babe into the chamber; I took it in my arms, and held it towards the bed. The frantic mother snatched it from me with eager wildness, and pressing it fondly to her bosom, softly whispered, "your mother is dying—don't tell them—they are very kind to us. Should your father own you—But hush! hush! he lives somewhere here; he will say that we followed him, persecuted him, disgraced him. O no, no! not for the world!"—

Here she stopped, overcome by her increasing weakness, and the cruel agitation of her mind. We took the babe from her, and she shortly fell into a kind of lethargic slumber which continued until late in the afternoon.

Everard had arrived before dinner. About four o'clock, as we were rising from a late refreshment, an elderly gentleman, in a Quaker's dress was announced by the servant, and welcomed by Mr. Townsend, as an old and valuable friend. "Friend Hammond," said the good woman, "thou hast been a stranger long. I am glad to see thee; but thou hast come to a house of mourning!" "Mourning, sister! my own heart is itself a house of mourning; but for whom art thou afflicted?"—"For the friendless. A lovely young woman a lodger in my house, is near her end—and her eyes must be closed by strangers."

"Perhaps that may be the situation of my poor Emily!"

"What of Emily? thou mayest speak thy mind—here are none but friends."

Mr. Hammond wept bitterly.

"Thou rememberest, sister, that I left this town eleven years ago. I settled in Baltimore. Soon after I saw thee last, I was called abroad by business which I could not neglect. My wife and Emily I sent to Philadelphia, to reside with my sister; expecting to return to Baltimore in one year, at farthest. Shipwreck, captivity, and sickness, kept me abroad until the last month. I returned to my native land, however, with riches in abundance, and hoped that heaven had preserved my beloved family to share its blessings with me. But my wife

is no more ! and my girl—Oh sister—my sweet little Emily, is ruined—eloped from her friends—fled—perhaps from disgrace and life together, with all her sins upon her head !”

“Who? Emily Hammond?” cried Everard, starting wildly from his seat.

“Yea, my good young friend—didst thou know my child?”

“God of mercy !” groaned Everard, and sunk motionless upon the floor. Astonished and alarmed at his emotion, we raised and bore him to a settee ; but before his recovery allowed us any opportunity for inquiry, the nurse came below, with notice from the physician, who tarried above stairs, that his patient was awake, and in her perfect senses. The woman added, that she inquired incessantly for Mrs. Townsend and me. Everard begged to be left alone ; and as I turned to go up stairs, Mrs. Townsend said, “Friend Hammond, dost thou avoid the bed of the dying?”

“Nay, sister—I have sorrow enough of my own it is true ; but let me be instructed”

We all went above together. Mr. Hammond walked across the chamber, with his eyes cast to the floor, till he had nearly reached the bed.

“My father !” with a faint scream, was heard from the bed. The old man fixed his eyes on the pale object before him, and dropping on his knees at the bedside, groaned in the anguish of his soul. “My poor child ! my lost Emily ! Oh my dear Mary ! is this our daughter ! is this all I have left of thee ? Do I find our sweet Emily thus ? Father of Mercies ! strengthen me to thy chastening !—My child ! art thou gone ?”

The dying girl had fainted ; and the utmost efforts of the physician could with difficulty restore her. She opened her eyes at length, and with a long drawn sob, cried, “my father ! forgive me !”

“Forgive thee, my child ! I bless thee. Heaven bless and forgive as freely as thy father !”

“It is enough !—Everard, I forgive you !”

An explanation like this I had dreaded ; but when the painful certainty left no room for better hopes, I could hardly support the shock. Everard Drey, the son of my old friend, whose constant example and whose daily lesson had been duty, had seduced from innocence and virtue a heart that loved and trusted him ; and left to struggle unassisted, with the accumulated miseries of grief, sickness, disgrace and penury, the loveliest victim that ever suffered on the altar of sensuality ! My own life has been unmarked with sorrows ; I have mourned the loss of friends, and followed my kindred to the grave ; but never did my spirit sink within me as at this moment. You, who have hearts to feel, will not ask why I weep at the recollection.

A moment’s reflection determined my conduct. I went below, where I found Everard

walking the room in an agitation which excited my pity. I beckoned to him and immediately returned to the chamber ; he followed me without answering. We approached the bed of the dying Emily in silence. She cast her eyes on us and wildly exclaimed—“Everard ! your daughter ! protect my child ! I did not come to disgrace you, Everard ! I felt that my days were but few ; I wished to see you, to forgive you, and to die ! Protect” * * * She faltered, and a single convulsive gasp freed her gentle soul from the sufferings of mortality.

The father watched the expiring struggle of his beloved daughter ; and covering up his face, lifted up his soul in silent prayer to his God.

Not so Everard. “Old man ! mourning father !” cried he in a voice of distraction, “see here the *murderer* of your daughter ! Emily was the child of virtue ! all the powers of hell have been put in array against her ! Farewell !” added he, with an accent of phrenzy, and instantly flew from the house.

Let me be brief. Emily’s babe now rests in the same grave with its mother ; and her wretched father quickly descended to that place, where “the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

Rumor’s hundred tongues preceded my return to Mr. Drey’s. My friend relapsed and died. A rapid decline hastened his beloved wife to join him. Everard is no where to be found ; and amidst this wide wreck of life and happiness, I seem left alone to tell the tale.

Daughter of innocence ! listen to the voice of age ! When the youth of thy fancy points to the flowery paths of pleasure, and with the honied eloquence of desire cries, “come, come !” fly, Oh ! fly from the forbidden path, and trust not to the lips that utter deceit ! In thy own bosom thou hast a treacherous foe. Thy heart bounds at the voice that would lure thee to destruction, and responsive answers to the syren call ! Hast thou friends who would mourn thy fall ? Lose not the good name which years of penitent virtue cannot recover ! Hast thou brethren and sisters ?—Shall “the finger of scorn” be pointed at them for thy sake ? Hast thou parents ?—Oh ! why wilt thou clothe the face of thy mother with shame, and bring down the grey hairs of thy father with sorrow to the grave ? Dost thou fear the God that made thee ? Remember his denunciations against the crime before thee. Fly ! Oh, fly ! daughter of innocence, ere the gulf of misery yawn to receive thee.

BIOGRAPHY.

“Of man, what see we but his station here.”

STEPHEN HOPKINS.

A distinguished patriot and statesman, was a native of that part of Providence, Rhode-Island, which now forms the town of Scituate.

He was born in March, 1707. In his youth he disclosed high promise of talents, and soon became esteemed for his growing worth, his early virtues, and his regular useful life. At an early period he was appointed a justice of the peace, was employed extensively in the business of surveying lands, and was appointed to various other offices, some of which were responsible and important: and he discharged the duties of all with great ability and faithfulness, and with equal advantage to his own reputation and the public interest. In 1754, he was appointed a member of the board of commissioners, which assembled at Albany, to digest and concert a plan of union for the colonies. Shortly after this he was chosen chief justice of the superior court of the colony of Rhode-Island; and in 1755, he was elevated to the office of chief magistrate of the colony, and continued in this dignified and important station about eight years, but not in succession. He was, also, for several years chancellor of the college. At the commencement of the difficulties between the colonies and Great Britain, governor Hopkins took an early, active, and decided part in favour of the former. He wrote a pamphlet in support of the rights and claims of the colonies, called "The Rights of the Colonies Examined;" which was published by order of the general assembly. He was a member of the immortal congress of '76, which declared these states, (then colonies) to be "free, sovereign and independent;" and his signature is attached to this sublime and important instrument, which has no example in the archives of nations.

Governor Hopkins was not only distinguished as a statesman and patriot, but as a man of business; having been extensively engaged in trade and navigation, and also concerned in manufactures and agriculture. He was a decided advocate, and zealous supporter, both of civil and religious liberty; a firm patriot, a friend to his country, and a patron of useful public institutions. He possessed a sound and discriminating mind, and a clear and comprehensive understanding; was alike distinguished for his public and private virtues, being an able and faithful public officer, and an eminently useful private citizen.

Governor Hopkins finished his long, honourable, and useful life, on the 20th July, 1785, in the seventy ninth year of his age.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

"We have done taking Rye."—We are told that once on a time a poor family having been burnt out, received much kindness at the hands of their neighbors, who contributed to administer to their wants until they become comparatively wealthy. Among others who came upon an errand of charity, was a benevolent

farmer with a load of Rye, but on making known the object of his visit, he was chilled with the reply which stands at the head of this paragraph. This story was brought to mind by the following anecdote, recently communicated to us by a friend, with names and circumstances, and which we publish chiefly with the view of showing how extensive and inveterate is the habit of borrowing newspapers, to the incalculable wrong and injury of "the trade." A person residing at —, in the county of St. Lawrence, had the misfortune by accident to lose his only cow, and being in low circumstances, it was proposed by the printer (B—), to have the citizens contribute to him to make up his loss. The suggestion was adopted, and they severally gave him one dollar; the printer sent him word that he would send him his paper for three or six months. The person directly called on him and told him, "if it would not make much difference, he would like to have him pay the money, for one of his neighbors took the paper and he could BORROW IT!—Com. Adv.

The Dog—An affecting anecdote was a short time since related in the French papers. A young man took a dog into a boat, rowed to the centre of the Seine, and threw the animal over with intent to drown him. The poor dog often tried to climb up the side of the boat, but his master as often pushed it back, till overbalancing himself, he fell overboard. As soon as the faithful dog saw his master in the stream he left the boat and held him above water till help arrived from the shore, and his life was saved.

SUMMARY.

A Black Lead Mine was discovered a few days since, by two men while ploughing on the land of Mr. Daniel Marshall, in New Castle, in this county. It is also said that a Marble quarry has recently been discovered on the farm of Dr. Samuel Strang, about half a mile east of this village.—*Peekskill Chron.*

It is said that Walter Scott is now engaged in writing a new romance entitled the *Lord Rector of Glasgow*.—The Crusaders is published.

In Bradford's History of Massachusetts, it is stated, that the Legislature, after the brilliant affair at Bennington, presented Gen. Stark with a *suit of clothes and a piece of linen*. They had no idea, it seems, that he should be Stark-naked.

MARRIED.

At the Manor of Livingston, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, JAMES THOMPSON, Jun. to MARY, eldest daughter of the late H. W. Livingston, Esq.

At Oakham, Mass. on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Tomlinson, Mr. ALEXANDER SNYDER, Merchant of this city, to, Miss MARY STARBUCK, of the former place.

In Claverack, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Mr. ISAAC W. JOHNSON, to Miss JULIA GIFFORD, both of this city.

In this city on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Prentice, Mr. JOHN CHAPMAN, Merchant, to Miss NANCY HUNTINGTON.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

THE GRAVE OF ELIZA *****

Wave light ye silken wings of air
Above Eliza's grassy bed
Oh wend ye not too rudely there
Although the maid be dead
The unwaking sleep is on her brow
Yet do not sweep too roughly by :—
And tho' she will not heed ye now
Oh come not coldly nigh.

'Twas the chill hand of care that gave
Her form to sleep to day
That laid her beauties in the grave
And winged her soul away
Yet a bright star she shone, in all
The fairer tints of Heaven
And to its brightest coronal
Another gem is given
Kinderhook, June 1, 1825.

P.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.
SONNET.

Oh, let me pause within life's wilderness,
To think on charms which strew'd my childhood's path,
When basking in the gleam of joy's caress,
My heart had never felt the direful scath
Of sorrows, gather'd by the hand of time,
Which now beset me in the eve of life,
Since youth has vanish'd to some unknown clime ;
And I am wandering amid the strife
Of worldly toil, so late to me unknown.—
Ah ! Hope reposes on her broken lyre—
The musick of her harp for aye hath flown :
And in my breast there lingers no desire
But that on earth I soon may cease to weep ;
And be enshrouded in death's tranquil sleep.

R.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.
TO THE GREEKS.

Hail ! ye brave sons of Greece, all hail !
Your swords are drawn at Freedom's call,
Ne'er may your strength and courage fail,
Till turban'd hosts beneath them fall.

Too long ye've bent the suppl'ant knee,
Before a haughty tyrant's throne ;
But now ye've ris'n, your land to free,
O persevere, the day's your own !

O worthy of your gallant sires—
Of heroes of Thermopylae,
Your wrongs have serv'd as beacon fires,
And call'd you forth to victory.

Thy daughters too, O suff'ring land !
Mid carnage dread, and din of war,
Among thy brave defenders stand,
Nor fear the Turkish cimeter.

Thy children, Greece, will Freedom gain,
The God of hosts, will be their friend,
No more they'll hug a despot's chain ;
But it in thousand pieces rend.

O then ! ye Musselmen give o'er,
For God is on the side of Greece,

O wage unequal war no more !
Send her, the Olive-branch of peace.

O ! will you grapple with your foes,
With unrelenting wrath pursue ;
Till plung'd by them, in deepest woes,
You can, your strength, no more renew ?

Your bloody cresent, shall not long,
O'er classic ground, wave high in air,
Then why the useless strife prolong ?
Such waste of life, O why not spare ? *ELLEN.*

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

THE WITCH'S FUNERAL.

*"The Old Woman of Berkeley laid her down,
And her eyes grew deadly dim ;
Short came her breath, and the struggles of death
Did loosen every limb."*—SOUTHEY.

We will hurry her on, now her breath is gone
We will hurry her into the tomb ;
And there let her sleep, where the rattlesnakes creep,
For she's call'd to her last final doom.

She was ugly and bold, and a terrible scold,
And besides was a witch most accurst,
She would injure her friends, but now see how she ends,
She's in here, and the coffin wont burst.

Oh ! no, it will glide, down the grave's dismal side,
And then, *then* will we cover it o'er,
With the heaviest stones, which will keep her old bones,
From the sight of the world evermore.

We will plant the wild thorn, by her gravestone forlorn,
And the ivy we'll plant near her head—
And we'll sing a wild lay, near her coffin to-day,
For the witch whom we hated is dead.

HENRY.

EPIGRAMS.

On a bad Dinner with excellent Punch.
Friend Palo may boast of true orthodox merit,
What he wants in the *flesh*, he makes up in the spirit.

To view Passaic falls one day,
A priest and tailor took their way :
"Thy wonders, Lord," the parson cries,
"Amaze our souls, delight our eyes !"
The Tailor only made this note—
"O ! what a place to sponge a coat !"

ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

Answer to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Because it is Kean (keen.)

PUZZLE II.—Because it is between boards.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is a stationer's shop like a British man of war ?

II.

You are requested to make one word of *Men die in a trot*.

III.

The name of a fish not very uncommon,
Yet the pride and the boast of a new-married woman.

LOTTERY TICKETS

For Sale at this Office.

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